

Shocker's Revenge

Story: Shocker's Revenge

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/8383245/1/>

Category: Lion King

Genre: Adventure/Romance

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Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/3365186/>

Last updated: 08/12/2012

Words: 11135

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 7 of 7 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Simba, Nala and Haiba investigate a series of murders, and discover an old enemy lurking in the shadows...

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1: Thunder and Lightning**

AN: Time for another story from your favourite author, who is now fresh from the clutches of computer viruses. Believe me, it took a lot of Coke (not the drug, sickos) and sugar to get me through that one. I'm sure you've all been waiting – or dreading – this one, since it features the return of an old enemy. Can you guess who it is? Hint: the clue's in the title. Consult a cheat book for level select code.

Shocker's Revenge

Chapter One: Thunder and Lightning

Elsa was very scared. She didn't like being in new places at all, and it was only because of the erratic weather conditions that she was out in the first place.

The storm was terrible. Its intensity was enough to instil fear in anyone. The rain was so strong, so terrifying, that Elsa felt like she would die there and then.

Thunder roared across the land. The empty, worthless land that seemed to stretch on for ever. She didn't see the point in it. All this space and it was being used for nothing. Just a target for the never-ending torrent of rain falling from the thick, black clouds above.

She couldn't believe it. How had she managed to become so lost in such a short time? Why, only an hour ago she was looking after her cubs back at the pride.

She frowned. They would be worrying about her. Wondering where their mother was. If they would ever see her again.

The truth was: Elsa didn't really know the answer. She had no way of telling the future, unlike some other lionesses. They were quite a funny bunch. Spreading strange stories about magical lions with strange staffs and creatures from far-off worlds beyond the one they lived in. She doubted their sanity after hearing about some sort of alien liquid known as an Inque. That was just silly...

Why did I have to go out? She groaned inwardly, wishing she could go back and undo the mistake she had made. All she wanted to do was go and visit one of her friends, but somehow she had become wildly lost. An hour now she had been walking across the barren land, hoping that she would find her pride once more.

But with every step she took, and every corner she turned, Elsa found herself just becoming more and more lost in the darkness. She couldn't see anything. Just how... hazy everything seemed. There seemed to be a thick fog clouding her surroundings. As if the storm itself just wanted to trap her.

The rain felt heavy on her back. The rain got into her eyes, causing a slight stinging sensation. She winced, trying to power on through the madness around her. She was determined to try and get home – but that didn't eliminate the ever growing sense of fear knotting in her stomach.

Elsa stared up at the sky, straining to see beyond the black clouds. She wished she could see the stars. She didn't believe in the nonsense that some lions spoke – about the stars representing a king or something like that – but right now, the circumstances made her want to find faith in such a thing. She always liked the emotion of hope. It was a very good emotion to have. All part of being alive.

And, when faced with such a deadly situation, hope was all that enveloped the fear. Right now, it was all she had to hold on to.

There was nothing to be seen beyond the clouds. They had covered the whole sky. Like some sort of bleak net enclosing her.

A bolt of lightning struck the ground close to Elsa, causing her to let out a gasp of both shock and fear, falling onto her back.

Her heart was pounding in her chest. She hated storms. As a cub, she'd always been afraid of them. Afraid that one day, she'd accidentally get hit by lightning, and then that would be the end of her. A waste of what could have been a decent life.

Elsa thought she would get over it, but the fear always remained as she grew into an adult. Deep down, there was something about storms that just... upset her. They just weren't... right. They didn't belong on this earth. She'd rather

face one of those Inques, or something completely nonsensical, like... a psychotic frog. At least *that* would have been a little bit funny.

She whipped round as another bolt of lightning tore through the air from behind her. Okay. This was more than something random. This storm was after her. She was sure of it. It wanted her. The storm wanted to kill her.

It seemed to be growing in both volume and intensity. The sound of the thunderclaps was deafening. Her ears were ringing. Her deceased mate – he was eaten by a rhino (that happened a lot) – had always complimented her on those ears. He liked it when they twitched whenever she laughed. It made her look cute.

The rain became heavier, and the thunder became louder, and the lightning became frequenter. It all seemed to be building up. Building up in strength. Ready to strike her down.

Elsa stayed in place, paws firmly fixed to the wet ground. She felt like she was paralysed. She didn't want to move; she knew that it would result in her untimely death.

The storm continued to build up. Build and build and build, until—

"I like storms."

Slowly turning her head, Elsa saw a cub stood behind her. Instantly, an icy chill seemed to invade her heart. There was something about this cub. Something... *wrong*.

Something so wrong, that maybe it was even worse than the storm itself.

"I like storms," he repeated, taking a step towards her.

On instinct, Elsa backed away. She didn't want to touch him. Quite honestly, she didn't want to even *look* at him. He was all wrong. A freak of nature.

"A storm created me."

Elsa said nothing. That would probably be the worst thing she could do.

"I didn't like them very much at first," the cub told her, looking up at the sky and taking a deep breath. He sighed at the feeling of the rain on his face. He was embracing the ferocity of the storm.

"But then a storm – probably the worst storm you could imagine – gave so much to me," the cub explained, staring hard at Elsa. She felt as if he was staring right through her. Gazing into her soul. "It gave me something that the average cub can only dream of: *power* – and lots of it."

Shaking – she didn't know whether it was because of the cub or the storm – Elsa dared to speak. "Who... who are you?"

"I had a name once," the cub replied, looking at the ground. "But... it's been so long. It may not feel like it for anyone else, but it has for me. I've forgotten. I've forgotten my name." He chuckled slightly, looking back up at Elsa. "Not my *new* name, of course. I like my new name. My new name is better. Sums up all that I am. Quickly."

Elsa got ready to do the only thing that she could. Run. Run fast. Get away from this... this demon. This creature from ten thousand feet below the ground. It wasn't a cub. It was some kind of... *thing*. Something that didn't belong.

Zap!

Elsa's eyes snapped down on the cub's paws. She could have sworn she saw lightning coming from them. Or maybe she was just imagining things... The storm was messing with her mind. And so was this cub, for that matter.

"Sometimes... it hurts," the cub continued, "but I try to ignore that. I'm so young, and yet... I've seen so much. Things that no one would ever believe."

Elsa didn't know what he was talking about. The evil aura that surrounded him was just clouding her mind. She couldn't focus properly. His evil was so great that it was affecting her better judgement.

Forget hope. Fear was all that remained now.

"The darkness," the cub said. "That's what hurts. Knowing that... that's what you get. When it's all over. Life is all. Especially for me. Some would call it a gift. But I know that it's a curse. And it won't ever end. Not for me. You get the true reward."

The cub stared into Elsa's eyes. "You get to die."

"*Who are you?*" Elsa demanded, screaming over the noise of the storm.

"My name is Shocker," said the cub, raising his forepaws. "And have I got a shock for you."

Long, thin strands of lightning shot out from the cub's paws, striking Elsa in the chest. She gasped, her body racked with an immense shock.

And as she fell to the ground – as she died – Elsa wasn't thinking about how she had gotten lost, or how she would never see her cubs again, or how much they would cry over their lost mother.

All she could think about was the eyes. The eyes of that demon.

The eyes of death.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Murder!

Chapter Two: Murder!

"She's been murdered," said Sarafina, staring down at the body on the ground. "Yep. Definitely a murder."

The lioness on the ground was quite pretty. Tanned fur, slim figure. Nice ears, too. If she had a mate, then he probably would have liked those. The only thing that looked wrong was the smoke emanating from her body, and the black scorch marks on her chest.

"And your point is...?" asked Sarabi, narrowing her eyes.

Sarafina scoffed, unable to believe how much her best friend had changed recently. There was something very different about her. The King, too. They both seemed to have... changed. Like their souls had been replaced. Swapped around. She wasn't the same lioness she had once known.

"Well, you're forgetting something, Sarabi," said Sarafina, anger evident in her firm tone. "This is a life. This was actually someone. Someone with feelings. And they've just died. Doesn't that mean anything?"

King Mufasa, who was stood next to his mate, shrugged. "This lioness is not from our pride," he said. "There's nothing we can do."

"What, and that's it?" asked Sarafina, eyes wide. She couldn't believe they were just leaving her. "We could at least return her to her family."

"And how would we find that out?" asked Mufasa. "Question the dead? As I said – there's nothing we can do, and let's just leave it at that."

Sarafina watched in outrage as the King and Queen left the scene. "But – but – but..." she sputtered, unable to believe it. Looking down at the ground, she muttered quietly, "What is wrong with you...?"

Sighing, Sarafina regretfully left the body of the pretty lioness and followed after them. She felt sorry for the poor girl, and even sorrier for just leaving her like that. It wasn't any way to treat what was once a life.

And the third one that week, too.

Sarafina had noticed, while the King and Queen hadn't. Probably because they were ignoring it – or even worse, part of it. There had been three murders that week in the Pride Lands. None of them were actually from the pride. The first was a young lion, found buried underneath some rocks close to a cave. The second was a young female cub. She was hanging by her neck from some vines on a tall tree. And now this lioness was the third. Sarafina knew there was a connection, but she just couldn't figure it out.

Hopefully, someone else *could*.

"You'd better be picking them all out!"

"I'm *trying* to pick 'em all out!"

"Guys, have you picked them all out?"

Simba and Haiba were on the ground, frantically pulling out some funny-looking purple flowers from the ground. Nala was stood at the top of a small hill, watching them.

"How was I supposed to know that the Arcaysian flowers were in season?" Haiba said, pulling out the flowers as quick as he could. "It's not my fault they're the most deadly flowers in the entire world!"

"Then you shouldn't have spat on the ground," Simba retorted. "Shouldn't you know that, Mr Smart?"

"Well, *excuse* me, Prince," said Haiba, frowning. "Look, it's common to spit on the ground when you're not looking where it lands."

"How does this even happen?" Nala wondered.

"Arcaysian flowers sprout when you spit on the ground in the exact midpoint of the sunlight when the wind is in a north-

easterly direction," Haiba explained. "Once they've sprouted, they give off a poisonous scent that kills you in a day when you inhale it."

"This is ridiculous," Simba said, pulling out more of the flowers. "Just how many of these things come out with one spit?"

"Around about four thousand," Haiba replied. "Hey, they're a fast-growing flower. Don't look at me. If we get them all out of the ground before they start giving off the scent, then we'll be okay."

"Then hold your nose, just in case," Nala suggested. "If anyone needs to sneeze, then hold it in. Also, keep your eyes open."

"Oh, that'll be good," Haiba responded. "Try to open your eyes when you sneeze. You can't. Your head explodes."

A curious look crossed Nala's face.

"Don't even try it."

"I think that's all of them on my side," Simba reported, throwing one of the flowers onto a large pile of them beside him. "What about you, Haiba?"

"Just... a few... more," he replied, plucking a few more of the flowers from the ground and placing them on an identical pile. "That's it! Phew! A few more seconds and we'd probably all be dead!"

"Yeah. Lucky that way, isn't it?" said Nala, before turning around and staring out into the distance. For a morning at the Pride Lands, it was as normal as it could possibly be. Only the most minor of life-threatening situations had occurred. To Nala, that was a good thing. Her expectations for a decent day had become pretty low.

"I smell death," said Haiba, sniffing the air. "Death that says 'nasty' and... 'unpleasant'."

"You have a very strange sense of smell," Nala told him. "Has anyone ever told you that?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Simba. "He can hear you blinking."

"Haiba, what's up?" Nala asked, walking over to him. "If it's another flower of doom—"

"No," Haiba interrupted. "It's death. As in, a dead body. I can smell the decay. It's kind of nasty, but it's not like you can control what you smell and what you don't."

"And what exactly is it that's died?" Simba asked. "Or is it just us? After all, I'm not sure I washed all of that girl's guts out of my mouth."

"Trust me, it's not you," Haiba assured him, heading over to the top of the small hill. He narrowed his eyes. "There's something very odd in the air. Like a kind of... stale smell."

"Is that what dead people normally smell like?" said Simba. "It worries me that you've been around them enough to know the smell so well."

"Either that or the girls you've met are so sleazy that you *think* they're dead," Nala joked.

"Nala, don't judge me," Haiba responded. "The girls I met were *far* worse than that. Trust me, if I had to rank most of the girls I met out of ten, then they'd be off the scale – and I mean that in a bad way. Not like you, of course."

Nala rolled her eyes. "Can you just get on with the whole 'I can smell death' thing?"

"I'd say that someone's very recently died – quite close to this area," Haiba explained. "Shall we go and check? After all, it is our job to investigate anything involving the words 'mean', 'nasty' or 'evil'."

"Don't forget 'electro-frazzled'," said Nala, smiling. "What? I really like that word."

"Okay, okay," Simba sighed. "What direction is the 'death' in, Haiba?"

Haiba sniffed the air. "Hmm. I'd say more to the left. Close to the edge of the kingdom."

"Then that's where we'll look," Simba decided, walking in front of the two. "But if you killed someone, then why would you just leave the body lying there? Wouldn't you want to... you know, cover it up so no one – like us – would suspect you?"

"If that's the case, then they're a very bad murderer," Haiba said, walking alongside Simba. "Normally you'd dissolve the bodies in boiling acid, and then kill all of the witnesses – and then do *that* to *them*, too!"

He laughed evilly, causing Simba and Nala to stare at him with disturbed looks on their faces. "What?" he shrugged. "It's not like we don't have a psychotic side."

"Let's just pretend that... freaky moment never happened," Simba replied, instead choosing to focus on what was ahead of him.

"If there's one thing that sums cruelty up, then this is it," said Nala, staring solemnly down at the dead body of the lioness on the ground.

Simba and Haiba seemed equally disturbed. "I don't understand it," Simba said, shaking his head. "Why would someone do this?"

"So many reasons, so little time," said Haiba. "We've seen a lot of deaths in our lives. Does anyone find it creepy that we're completely used to it?"

"Yeah, but we're all forgetting one thing," Nala reminded them, pointing to the body. "Look at it."

"I *have*," Simba replied. "It's not something I wanna see all day, you know."

"No, I mean, *really* look," Nala urged, pushing Simba's head towards the lioness's chest.

"What? I don't see any—" Simba gasped, his mouth dropping open at what he saw.

Smoke. Small, but visible traces of smoke coming from the body. Whoever this lioness was, she had died of shock.

Quite literally.

Simba, Nala and Haiba looked at each other nervously, and all said the same thing.

"Shocker."

AN: Shocker? How can this be? It's not like he escaped at the end of the last story he was in, or something like that. I quite liked that first chapter. The life and death of a lioness in 1500 words. Poor Elsa. I quite like that name, too. Oh, why'd I have to kill her? Because I'm mean. You should all know that by now...

I'm sorry!

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Trapped in Life

AN: Oh, you want some more, do you? Of course you do. Thanks for the reviews, everyone. I know I say that a lot, but hey, it means a lot to me. Especially when you love cheesy villains such as Shocker. We all enjoy his psychotic personality, don't we?

KaylaDestroyer: I know! Poor Elsa! What a waste of a life! And I love that poisonous flower part, too. Always start your story with the second half of some random adventure. Especially when Simba, Nala and Haiba are concerned.

Haradion: Shocker seems to be a favourite among you readers. My personal favourite is Death, then Shocker, closely followed by Hago. I mean, if it wasn't for Death then none of them would even be villains in the first place. He's the epitome of evil, in my opinion.

Chapter Three: Trapped in Life

I killed her... and it felt good.

Shocker couldn't understand it. There was something about taking the lives of others that brought him joy. Something... different. It seemed that ever since he was struck by lightning, and given his electrical powers, he craved seeing death. His gift had become the worst of all curses.

Shocker sighed, leaning back in the vine hammock that stretched out between two trees in the jungle. This was his new home. Ever since his last encounter with Simba, Nala and Haiba – his three worst enemies in the entire world – this was where he had escaped to. It wasn't much, but for now it would suffice.

Until he had exacted his revenge.

Shocker clinked his claws together, causing a few blue sparks to emit from their tips every once in a while. He was sure enough that it wouldn't cause a fire. Although that would be at least a little entertaining. The problem was that the jungle had a tendency to be incredibly boring. There wasn't much for a troubled cub like him to do.

He glanced over at a tree a few feet away from him. Words had been carved into it. Many words. Over and over again.

'KILL SIMBA'.

'DESTROY NALA'.

'SLAUGHTER HAIBA'.

Shocker chuckled at his handiwork. Those morbid little carvings weren't just his wishes. Those were his *commands*. This was what he had to do. Those three wouldn't get away with what they had done to him. It wasn't the lightning that had made his life a living hell.

It was something entirely different.

Shocker rolled from the makeshift hammock, falling onto his stomach on the ground below. He didn't particularly care about the thumping pain in his stomach that came with it. Pain failed to have any meaning to him anymore.

Slowly getting to his paws, Shocker spotted a sharpened stick protruding from the ground. He tensed up, leapt into the air—

—and impaled himself.

Shocker gagged, coughing up a copious amount of blood, and then slowly shut his eyes.

It only took a few more moments before he opened them again, gasping for breath. He cried out in pain, extricating his body from the stick and falling onto his back.

He yelled in alarm and pain at the sight of the bloody hole in his stomach. He'd impaled himself right through his own body. However, he soon calmed down when he saw the wound seal itself up again.

In just under a minute, Shocker had healed himself.

He didn't know how, of course. Didn't understand. Not at all. He'd tried it dozens – hundreds – of times, and always got

the same result. He slashed himself in the throat. The wound closed up after a minute. He bit his own paw off. It grew back. He'd even thrown himself off a cliff. It only took an hour for all of his bones to mend themselves.

Shocker was left feeling as he always did: angry and surprised. Something had happened to him. And it was all because of those three cubs. They had changed him.

Shocker couldn't die.

"This is bad," Simba said quickly, pacing back and forth with a concerned expression on his face. "This is very, very bad."

"Yeah, I get that," said Haiba. "But I'm just wondering—"

"*Bad!*" Simba interrupted, grabbing Haiba by the shoulders. "*Bad...*"

"Okay, Mr Dramatic, I get the picture," he replied. "It's bad. But what I don't understand is *how*. Um... last time I checked, Shocker was lying dead in a river, right?"

"And *that* is why I'm worried," said Nala. "If Shocker died, then he's obviously come back to life – right?"

"Yeah, but that doesn't make any sense," said Simba. "You can't come back from the dead. Well, that's not *exactly* true, but this is Shocker we're talking about. He doesn't have magical powers. He can just..."

"Oh, *please* say what I think you're going to say," Nala said, smiling.

Simba sighed. "He can just electro-frazzle you."

Nala practically squealed with delight. "Oh, I just *love* that word!"

"Excuse me for interrupting this... happy moment," Haiba interjected, "but I really think we should be trying to figure out how Shocker is up and about again. Didn't he 'electro-frazzle' himself to death?"

"Maybe he didn't really die," Simba suggested. "Maybe he's been hiding away, waiting to get his revenge on us. Don't you see? The dead lioness is a warning."

"She has really nice ears," Nala noticed. "I wouldn't mind ears like that."

"Not really the time, Nala," Haiba reminded her.

"Sorry."

"Oh, why can't he just leave us alone?" Simba moaned. "Seriously, if I was an evil bad guy, and had the chance to escape, then I would take it. Go somewhere nice. Somewhere happy. They all want revenge!"

"Revenge is a powerful," Haiba told him. "It can take you over. Make you obsessed."

"That's real... mystical, Haiba," said Simba, "but it's not the point I'm trying to make. Think about it. Shocker was so hard to defeat the first time. Now he's probably stronger. And smarter. We might not even have a chance."

"There's always a chance, Simba," Nala said. "If we can fight deadly Inque creatures, then I'm sure we can kick Shocker's butt again easily."

"But Shocker's scary!" Simba protested. "You saw what he did last time. He almost ended up killing you!"

"Along with every other creep we've ever been up against," Nala retorted. "Simba, if we can stop Shocker once, then we can stop him again. What's your problem, anyway? It's like you don't even care."

Simba rolled his eyes. *Ugh*, he thought. *Sometimes I think it would be better if I quit.*

"Okay, fine!" Simba gave in. "We'll go look for Shocker. I just hope there's a convenient puddle of water next to him that he might accidentally fall into. You know – like last time."

"Yeah – the bad guys seem to be very clumsy," Haiba noticed. "The Interceptor fell through the ground."

"And Maana – that camp counsellor I had – fell into a hole," said Simba. "Huh. That's really weird."

"And lucky," added Haiba. "After all, we probably would have been dead otherwise."

"Shocker is seriously messed up," Simba said. "It isn't like he wants the pride for himself, or he wants to control people. It's... Well, he just wants to kill us."

"It's always us," sighed Nala. "We should try to make some more friends every once in a while. We must be the most hated people in the world."

"You've still got me, Nala," said Haiba.

"Yippee."

"Okay, so the first thing we have to do is find out why Shocker's leaving clues for us," Simba announced. "Then we figure out his plan, and put a stop to it. Sounds simple enough."

"It's *never* simple," Haiba told him. "Especially when Shocker's concerned."

"Then we'll be extra careful," Simba retorted. "I don't think he's going to go down so easily this time. He's angry, scary – and probably hungry."

"Hungry?" said Nala, confused.

"Yeah," replied Simba. "Hungry. Ever gone for a long time on an empty stomach? It makes me really mad inside."

Haiba narrowed his eyes. "So Shocker wants revenge on us because we're starving him? Interesting..."

"The body was left close to the edge of the kingdom," Simba noticed, pointing to the deceased lioness on the ground. "And that means that Shocker must be staying more or less in the same place. Such as—"

"—the jungle," Haiba finished for him. "It's not so hard to figure out. I wonder if he got to Tiny Tojo and stole his home?"

"Still jealous, Haiba?" Nala asked.

"Not jealous. Just... confused," he replied. "Don't I deserve a little bit of romantic action for once?"

No one replied. Just the sound of crickets chirping could be heard.

"Well, there's your answer," Simba said with a smile.

***Chapter 4*: Chapter 4: Killing in Cold Blood**

Chapter Four: Killing in Cold Blood

Shocker was immortal.

He didn't know why, but it was the truth. No matter how many times he – or anyone else, for that matter – tried. He couldn't die. *Ever*.

It must have been some side-effect of his powers. Shocker had first died after tripping into a river, resulting in the electrocution of himself. That was the first time he had died.

But then he woke up. And after that, it never ever stopped. Shocker had tried time and time again to take his own life, but every time he came back. He wouldn't ever stop dying. He had become well and truly immortal.

Closing his eyes, Shocker rested his back against a tree. His eyes glowed with quiet fury. On the outside, he seemed very calm and collected. But on the inside, he was boiling over with rage. Pure anger for the cubs that had done this to him. Given him this... this curse.

My life is nothing but pain, he thought, sighing. It seemed that misfortune followed him wherever he went. Ever since he'd been born. Life was so miserable. So horrible. And so pointless. So much so that he couldn't even remember his original name. It meant nothing to him now. Nothing at all. His old life had been eclipsed by the dismalness of his new one.

"You're going to die..." he whispered, addressing his worst enemies. "You're all going to die..."

Simba, Nala and Haiba were his only focus right now. All that mattered was killing them, for all the trouble they had caused him. They deserved to die. It wasn't fair. They had it all, and Shocker had nothing. Where was the justice in that?

Shocker rose to his paws, and walked away from his 'home'. It was time. Time to exact his revenge. Time to murder those who had hurt him, and everything that he was.

And then maybe he could live out his eternal life in peace.

"This is just going to keep happening, isn't it?" Simba asked, sitting down by a rock on the outskirts of the Pride Lands.

Everything close to the edge of the kingdom always seemed overgrown and rough. Not as rugged as the Outlands, but enough to assume that this was just a deserted wasteland. You wouldn't suspect there was a famous kingdom just over the hills.

"Ow," said Haiba, hopping away from a prickly bush. "Stepped on one of those thorns. I hate it when that happens."

"Well, maybe if the pride took better care of the plants, then we wouldn't have this problem," Nala replied. "But right now, Simba's parents are acting like the stupidest king and queen in the world—"

"Hey!" Simba cried, offended. "Actually, no, wait. I don't care."

"I think they're completely nuts, too," said Haiba. "I've never seen a king and queen as bad as them. And I've met King Guala – he once made his whole pride fight over a blade of grass they wanted to eat."

"They'll probably do that tomorrow," said Nala, half-joking, half-serious. "Hey – maybe Shocker's controlling them with his powers."

"If he was, then we would have been dead long before now," Simba told her. "The guy's a psycho. He doesn't like to wait around. I mean, would *you* if you had the power to shock everyone you saw?"

"I think we should all say 'electro-frazzie' from now on," Nala suggested.

"You're really missing the point today, aren't you?" Simba asked. "Don't tell me you're going the way of my parents, too."

"What? No way!" Nala replied, laughing it off. "What, you think I'm going to start sending you away for ever all of a sudden?"

"I would say it's possible," Haiba muttered from behind them.

"You'll be sent into the sky if you don't keep your mouth shut!" Nala threatened, holding her claws up to Haiba's face.

He stood rigid. "I'll be good."

"Thank you." Looking across the land, Nala narrowed her eyes. "Wait a second. Simba, if you wanted revenge, then what would you do? Would you make your enemies come to *you*, or would *you* go to your enemies?"

"Um..." Simba thought for a moment. "I'd probably go after them?" he answered with a shrug.

"That's exactly my point," Nala said. "If I were Shocker, then I'd go straight after you."

"I'm still a little confused," said Haiba, scratching his head. "Just what exactly are you getting at?"

"Don't you see?" asked Nala. "That dead body wasn't a clue, or a trail for us to follow. It was a..."

"Trap?" suggested a voice from behind them.

Gasping, the three cubs turned around to see Shocker standing behind them. He was casually examining their claws, as if this were just a friendly visit.

"Hello," he greeted them. "I would dispense with the pleasantries, but I feel that revenge must be conducted in a more... formal way, if you ask for my opinion."

Nala just stared at him. "I didn't understand any of those words."

"Of course not," retorted Shocker. "You're far too stupid. All of you."

"Nice manners," Haiba remarked sarcastically. "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"

Shocker didn't reply. He just stared at the three of them. There seemed to be something... different about him this time. Something in his eyes. His eyes looked *dead*. Like he had stopped living long ago, but his body kept on ticking. The three cubs found it particularly disturbing.

"What do you want from us, Shocker?" Simba demanded, stepping forward. He pretended not to notice how lifeless Shocker seemed. "And how did you survive?"

"I don't know," he replied. For some reason, Simba didn't think he was lying. "However, I *do* know what I want. *Exactly* what I want. I want *you* dead. The three of you. Broken, bruised and bleeding."

"Well, you can forget it," Simba responded. "You might as well just turn around and go back the way you came."

"I don't think so," said Shocker with a chuckle. "I'm afraid, Simba, that there's nothing you and your friends can do about this. Your fate is inevitable. Things are going to reach quite a... *shocking* conclusion."

"Ugh..." Haiba rolled his eyes. "So cheesy."

"Aren't you the guy that *loves* being cheesy?" asked Nala, confused.

"Hey, even I have standards." He looked up at Shocker. "Hey, Shocker. I got a deal for ya. I'll take you out on a romantic night if you promise not to kill anyone else. How does that sound?"

Shocker replied by firing an electrical bolt right into Haiba's chest. He was sent flying into a nearby tree.

Crack!

Simba and Nala both winced, as he comically slid to the ground. "Haven't felt that in a while..." Haiba chuckled.

"You're going to regret that," Simba snarled, feeling an angry growl rising in his throat.

"I regret only being born," Shocker responded. The tips of his claws were still smoking from where he'd fired the bolt at Haiba. "My life is nothing but misery, Simba. And you have furthered it. For that, you yourself deserve to die."

"What is he talking about?" Nala asked.

"He's crazy, Nala," said Simba. "Don't listen to him."

"I am *not* crazy!" Shocker yelled, before leaping at Simba and tackling him to the ground. "You will die, Simba. Die now

and die for ever!"

"Get off him!" Nala cried. She thought fast and leapt at Shocker, rolling around with him on the ground.

Getting to his paws, Simba heard an odd slashing sound. He saw Shocker's body go limp, and collapse to the ground. Nala was standing over him. Her chest was covered in blood and she had a horrified expression on her face.

Shocker's throat had been slit open, and blood was pouring out. Simba almost threw up it looked so sick.

"Oh, gosh..." Nala stumbled backwards, eyes wide. "What have I done...?"

Simba walked over to her. "Nala, I—"

"I just killed him!" she interrupted. "I've never killed anyone!"

"It was an accident," Simba told her. "You didn't mean to do it."

"That doesn't matter!" she cried. "Oh, I'm a murderer. I'm worse than him!"

A loud gasp caused Simba and Nala to fall onto their backs in surprise.

Shocker had his eyes open, and was frantically looking around. He looked traumatised. The wound on his throat had completely closed up, as if it were never even there.

Simba and Nala's mouth dropped open in surprise.

Shocker smiled. "Impressed?"

AN: Oh, boy. Shocker can't die. How on earth can anyone stop him now? It's impossible, isn't it? Well, I'm afraid I've left you on a bit of a cliffhanger. But I'll resolve it soon enough.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Bending the Truth

AN: I love these next two chapters, and I find Chapter Six to be unintentionally hilarious. You'll see why.

HKGhost: Believe me, Shocker's far beyond ever being nice again. He's a changed cub.

Haradion: I suppose Simba and Nala's age throughout this series could be seen as debatable. Roughly, everything so far, from Series One to Series Four, has been little over a year. But Simba and Nala don't grow up. I find it quite boring writing for them as adults, so they're perpetually young – like in most cartoon series' that run for a long time. In human years, they're probably something like 12 or 13. And they'll stay that way for a while.

Chapter Five: Bending the Truth

What happened next to Simba, Nala and Haiba was all a bit of a blur. For all three of them. They were all too stunned after seeing Shocker miraculously come back from the dead to think properly.

In fact, the last thing they could hear was a loud *zap*, and then it all went black...

"Oh... Ow... Ah..." Simba's eyes flickered open. He glanced left and right, before coming to a startling realisation.

He was ten feet above the ground.

At first, he felt rather dizzy. He shook his head a few times, trying to drain the nauseous feeling out of him. Blinking, Simba eventually came to his senses, and adjusted to his new surroundings. "What the heck happened?"

He craned his neck, struggling to see how he was dangling ten feet above the ground. "Oh, you've gotta be kidding me..."

He realised that all of his body, save for his head, was covered in vines. He was tightly secured to a long branch that protruded from a tall tree. No wonder it was so hard for him to move! "This isn't good..." He frowned. "This isn't good at all..."

He quickly came to the conclusion that this was all part of some elaborate trap set up by Shocker. Obviously he was being held prisoner here, so Nala and Haiba would have to rescue him. And then he'd kill them all!

But then that raised the question as to why Shocker didn't just kill them earlier. Maybe there was something else he wanted... Maybe killing them just wasn't good enough. "This is... um, this is weird..."

His memory from before was still a little hazy. All he could remember was how amazed he was at seeing Shocker come back to life. The mere thought of such a thing made his mind boggle. How was it possible? Did it even happen? Was Simba just imagining things? It all felt so confusing... Simba thought he had a decent amount of knowledge in his brain, but this just took everything to a whole new level. There was still very clearly a lot he still had to learn...

"Are you comfy up there, Simba?"

Simba's eyes snapped downwards. It didn't take him very long to spot Shocker staring up at him. He had a triumphant smile on his face. As if he had already won...

"'Comfy' doesn't even begin to cover it, Shocker," he retorted. "I was looking more along the lines of 'excruciatingly unpleasant!'"

"You still sound so very sure of yourself," Shocker commented. "Even though you really have no hope anymore."

"Yeah, yeah," said Simba, rolling his eyes. "Keep gloating. I'll be out of here in five minutes. Why, I bet Nala and Haiba—"

"*Ha!*" Shocker exclaimed, interrupting the Prince. "You think they're gonna come all the way to you?"

Simba nodded. "Uh-huh. I'd do the same for them."

"Simba, there's obviously a lot you don't know about your friends," Shocker told him. "They've gone."

"What?"

"They've left you," Shocker said. "Abandoned you. That's... why you're here."

"I don't believe you," Simba replied. "You're lying."

"You think so?" asked Shocker. "They made a deal with me, Simba. To let you go so they could live. I figured that it would be for the best. After all, I find you to be the main perpetrator of the three."

"The main perpetrator?" said Simba, smiling. "You've really changed a lot since we last met, Shocker."

"I've become far smarter," he replied. "My mind has been opened up so much more after my little 'death scare' in our last encounter. But this time it won't be me that's going to die. It's your turn. And your friends have betrayed you."

Simba sighed. "Okay. There are three problems with this. One, I trust Nala and Haiba, and I know that they'd never leave me. Two, you've got no proof. And three, you're crazy, so I wouldn't believe you anyway!"

Shocker's smile seemed to widen. Simba found this particularly chilling. "Proof, eh?" he said, stroking his chin with a paw. "Well, Simba, if it's proof you want, then proof you shall get."

"What the heck are you—"

Simba didn't get a chance to say anything more. All he heard was a *zap!* Then he saw a flash of electricity before his eyes, and then everything went black for the second time that day.

Simba saw a bright flash of white light, before the familiar setting of the Pride Lands materialised into view. The field where Shocker had come back to life right in front of his eyes.

At first, everything seemed normal.

But then he saw Shocker. Simba couldn't make much out from where he was, but he could see that Shocker was talking to someone. He decided to move in for a closer look. Something weird was going on...

As he got closer, Simba saw who Shocker was speaking to. It was Nala and Haiba. "What the...?"

Simba didn't understand. Why were they talking to Shocker? It didn't make any sense to him at all. Whatever they were talking about, Simba had an ominous feeling that it wasn't going to be very good...

"Just have him," Nala said, gesturing to a body on the ground. "Do whatever you like with him."

Simba took a step forward, and noticed that the body looked an awful lot like him... In fact, it *was* him. Was *this* what had happened after Shocker came back? Shocker had to be showing him something from the past...

"You want me to have Simba?" asked Shocker, sounding surprised. "Why? I thought he and you were—"

"Look, I don't care," Nala interrupted. "We don't want him if it'll save *our* lives. Isn't that right, Haiba?"

"Yeah," agreed Haiba, nodding. "Let Simba rot, for all I care. There are more important things to worry about."

"So just take him," Nala insisted, backing away and gesturing to Simba's body. "He's all yours."

Shocker considered it for a moment. "Fair enough," he decided. "I'll take him. Consider yourselves lucky that you two get to survive."

"Oh, we *are* lucky," said Nala. "Very lucky."

"Then our business is concluded." Shocker picked Simba's unconscious body up, placing it onto his back and then walking away.

This left Nala and Haiba by themselves.

Haiba grabbed Nala, giving her his best grin. "So, now that Simba's out of the picture, we can finally get on with things..."

"Mmm..." Nala smiled. "I like the way you think, Haiba."

And they kissed.

Simba's eyes widened in horror. *No...* This couldn't be happening. It couldn't!

Parting from the kiss, Nala was left panting. "Oh, gosh, Haiba..." she gasped, sounding out of breath. "You're even better

than I ever imagined! Simba was never that good a kisser."

"I know," said Haiba. "But now you've got me, baby."

"I've always loved you," Nala confessed. "Right from the moment we first met. But... it was so hard with Simba around and—"

Haiba shushed her softly, putting a paw to her muzzle. "It doesn't matter now, Nala. We're together. For ever."

What followed was quite a passionate make-out session between the two cubs.

"Oh, Haiba..." Nala giggled. "Your tongue tickles..."

Simba's mouth dropped open in horror. His heart felt ready to explode. Shocker was telling the truth. Nala and Haiba really *had* betrayed him. In every sense of the word. They'd sold him out to Shocker, and they'd been together behind his back! It was all one big lie...

"No... It can't be true..." Simba mumbled, collapsing to the ground. His heart just couldn't take it in. Nala, his one true love, didn't love him at all. She was in love with Haiba. He was heartbroken. "It's... not possible..."

"I think you'll find it is, Simba," said a voice from behind him.

Simba turned around to face Shocker. "You were right..." he admitted, his head hanging low. "They don't care..."

"How does it make you feel, Simba?" Shocker asked. "Are you hurt? Sad? Heartbroken?"

Simba simply nodded. "Yes..."

Shocker smiled. "Now we begin to understand each other."

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Secrets and Lies

Chapter Six: Secrets and Lies

Haiba awoke groaning. He shifted uncomfortably as small fragments of what he assumed to be rock rained down on him. "Ow. This takes uncomfortable living to a whole new level. Not to say I haven't kissed worse, of course."

Hauling himself up, Haiba noticed that he was in a cave of some sort. A few thin beams of light shone down here and there, but everything else seemed pretty sealed up. He didn't know if – or how – he could escape.

He couldn't exactly remember what had happened after Shocker came back to life. Everything seemed pretty weird anyway, especially after being sent flying straight into a tree. Needless to say, it hadn't been very pleasant.

"Are you at all happy, Haiba?" asked an echoing voice.

Haiba gasped, and turned around to see Shocker standing before him. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "Did you —"

"In a manner of speaking, yes," Shocker interrupted. "I suppose in a way it *is* my fault that you're in this dingy cave. On the other paw, you could say that it was Simba and Nala's fault."

Haiba scoffed. "Yeah, I think I'll take the first option, thanks. I don't think either Simba *or* Nala would ever stick me in the middle of a place like this. Unless it was for some kind of romantic purpose..." He quickly shook his head. "Nah, I don't think they'd do that."

"Oh, but they have, Haiba," Shocker insisted, advancing towards him. "They'd abandoned you. They let me have you so you could live. In my opinion, you're the most troublesome of the three. Your... quirks irritate me greatly. So much so to the point of insanity. It is only fitting that you should be the one to die."

"Oh, come on," said Haiba, rolling his eyes. "You've gotta be kidding me. I seriously doubt that Simba and Nala would make any kind of deal with a creep like you. You have the qualities of mud: you're untidy, disgusting, and no one will touch you with a ten-foot stick!"

Shocker just glowered at him. "Haiba, just how much do you trust those two?"

"With my life," he answered.

Shocker just shook his head in response. "My, *my*, there's a lot you don't know. They don't want you anymore, Haiba. They've outgrown a friend like you."

"I don't see any proof," Haiba responded.

"Oh, really? Then allow me to elucidate for you."

Then Haiba felt as if he had been shocked in the face, and then all he could see was darkness.

"Whoa!" Haiba exclaimed, as the Pride Lands suddenly appeared before him in a bright dash of light. He blinked a few times, allowing his eyes to adjust, and recognised the area where he had been sent crashing into a tree by Shocker.

"Are you very sure that you want to do this?"

Haiba recognised Shocker's voice instantly. Quickly, he noticed that Shocker was talking to Simba and Nala. Right by the tree where he... Wait a minute. Was that *him* lying unconscious by the tree?

Haiba squinted, and realised that it *was* him. Well, that had to mean... But it couldn't... No. Shocker was showing him the past. With his powers. This was what had happened after he resurrected himself. It had to be.

"We don't need him," Nala told Shocker. "After all, we have each other," she proclaimed, putting a paw around Simba.

"But I thought Haiba was your friend?" said Shocker.

"Friend?" Nala's eyes widened slightly, and she started to laugh. Simba chuckled along, too.

"Oh, that's a good one," said Simba.

"No way," said Nala. "Haiba's not our friend. We just keep him around for a laugh. He's so stupid that he doesn't even notice. Great to make fun of. But, yeah, I guess you might as well have him. Especially when we've got our own butts to cover!"

Shocker mulled it over for a second, and then nodded. "Very well. If you want to live, then I will gladly take Haiba in return."

Haiba could only look on in horror as Shocker put his body on his back and then walked away, leaving Simba and Nala on their own.

He just couldn't believe it. Simba and Nala only kept him around just so they could make fun of him? Was that why they had dragged him all the way to the Pride Lands? Just for someone to laugh at?

"It's going to be a lot better now with Haiba gone," Nala said to Simba, as they left in the opposite direction.

"Yeah," Simba agreed. "I mean, we were just getting tired of him towards the end. This is for the best."

"Definitely."

Turning away, heartbroken and upset, Haiba sighed. "Shocker was right," he admitted. "They're just two jerks."

"I know I'm right, Haiba."

Haiba looked up to see Shocker. "You meant it. They really did give me up to you."

"And how does that make you feel, Haiba?" Shocker asked.

"Angry," he answered, tensing up. "Next time I see those two, I'm gonna rip them apart for what they've done to me."

Shocker smiled. "You and I have a lot in common."

Nala felt the intense glare of the sunlight on her face. She shielded herself from the heat with a paw, slowly getting up.

Looking around, she saw that she was in some kind of desert. She couldn't see anything but sand for miles and miles.

"Wow... that's hot. *Very* hot. But what... what happened?"

She couldn't remember what exactly had transpired after Shocker revealed himself to be immortal. Anything after that just... seemed so blurry. Like the memory had been slightly erased from her mind.

"You were given up," said a voice from behind her.

Nala whipped round to face Shocker. She still felt a tight sensation in her stomach. She had killed him. It didn't matter whether or not he could make himself come back. She was still, in her eyes, a cold-blooded killer.

Just like your father, she told herself.

Momentarily pushing such a chilling thought out of her mind, Nala shook her head. "What do you mean, Shocker?"

"Simba and Haiba didn't want you anymore," he explained. "So they gave me you, in return for their own lives. I decided to let them go. After all, I find you to be the worst of the three. You took advantage of my emotions before, Nala. That, in my eyes, is the worst crime of them all."

"They wouldn't give me up," Nala said firmly. "Simba loves me, and so does Haiba – well, in a weird kind of way, but that's still love in my eyes!"

Shocker just chuckled. "Is that really what you think, Nala?"

"It's what I *know*," she retorted.

"Then allow me to alter your knowledge," Shocker said, before outstretching his forepaws at Nala.

Nala suddenly felt like she had been hit right in the face, and then her whole world turned to blackness...

In a strange white flash, Nala suddenly found herself staring at the area where Shocker had come back to life, right before her eyes. This wasn't exactly something she wanted to look back on...

Nala found it strange that she was lying on the ground, unconscious, right next to the tree. That didn't make any sense. Unless...

Maybe Shocker was showing her something from the past. No wonder her memory seemed so weird. She hadn't even been awake to see what had happened! The sheer shock of Shocker returning to life must have knocked her out...

"Go on, take her," said Simba, waving a paw in the air. He wasn't even looking at Nala. Like he didn't even care. "We don't want her anymore."

Shocker looked... shocked. "I must say I'm quite alarmed by this, Simba," he said. "I thought you and Nala were soulmates."

Simba just laughed. "Yeah, right. Nala's just a cute girl. Just someone to kiss every so often. There are more important things."

Shocker raised his eyebrows and shrugged. "If that's what you want. I'll take Nala, and spare your lives in return."

"Thanks a bundle, Shocker," said Haiba. "You don't know how much this means to us."

Nala felt like she couldn't move. She watched as Shocker picked her unconscious body up and placed it on his back, before walking away.

Simba and Haiba were left on their own.

Haiba suddenly grabbed Simba, grinning at him. "Speaking of more important things... I think we should finally be getting our new relationship off to a start."

"I thought you'd never ask," said Simba. "I mean, it was so hard not to just pounce on you and kiss you all over when Nala was around. She was always getting in the way of my *true* soulmate."

He stroked Haiba's cheek. "It's you, Haiba. It's always been you."

"I know," said Haiba. "I love you, Simba."

"I love you too, Haiba."

And then the two cubs began to kiss.

Nala's mouth dropped open. *You. Are. Kidding. Me.*

"I know," said a voice from behind Nala.

She turned around to look at Shocker. "Simba? And Haiba? They're..."

"*Shocking*, isn't it?" asked Shocker. "I never knew two male cubs could... feel so strongly for each other."

"I can't believe them!" Nala exclaimed angrily. "Next time I see Simba and Haiba, I'm going to give them what they deserve!"

"Excellent." Shocker smiled. "You're finally learning, Nala. Come with me, and I can help you get what you desire."

"Yeah, yeah," Nala said, waving a paw in the air and returning to look at Simba and Haiba as they made out. "Just after I've finished watching this. It's kind of hot."

"No," Shocker suddenly said, grabbing Nala and pulling her away. "You're coming with me."

AN: Ha-ha-ha! That bit with Simba and Haiba! I'm sorry if any of you were offended, or... aroused (down, girls!), but that just cracks me up. I'm so sick. What do you think, readers? Do Simba and Haiba belong together for ever? Should I put them together in a future story? You decide.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Dream of a Normal Death

AN: Time for a potentially controversial ending. You'll see what I mean. Sorry for not updating in a while. My computer still seems to be fighting against me. But, last night, something very odd happened. A storm. And that was it. I was like, "I'm writing that final chapter tonight." If not, then I probably would have had a visit from Shocker. One can't be too careful when fictional villains are involved.

Chapter Seven: Dream of a Normal Death

The next thing Simba, Nala and Haiba knew, they were back at exactly the same spot where Shocker had achieved his miracle of life. The three of them felt like they had been to this spot about a million times now. The image of it was burned into their minds. They knew it would be a location that would haunt them for the rest of their lives.

The three of them had all been betrayed. By each other. Done terrible things. Committed horrible acts. Some of them quite disturbing. Simba, Nala and Haiba were unaware that Shocker had tricked them. All they cared about was getting the revenge that they deserved.

Simba felt rather groggy at first when he awoke, but as soon as he saw Nala and Haiba, all the tiredness seemed to instantly drain away. All he could feel was anger. Raw hatred for the two. They had taken everything that mattered away from him.

When Haiba saw Simba and Nala, all he could feel was anger boiling over inside of him. They'd used him. Just for their amusement. All they wanted was something to laugh at. Well, Haiba would make sure that he had the last laugh.

And when Nala saw Simba and Haiba, she felt very confused. Just how the heck did they end up together? It just seemed so... unlikely. But when she had seen it, it all felt so real. They'd been having a secret relationship behind her back. She would see to it that they were destroyed.

Simba, Nala and Haiba all rose simultaneously, extending their claws and glowering at each other.

"How could you?" said Simba, a low growl rising in his throat. He felt like letting out a big roar to intimidate the two. For a cub that angry, it wouldn't be impossible.

"How could I? How could *you*?" Nala retorted.

"How could *both* of you?" said Haiba. "I can't believe you used me just for your own entertainment!"

"What are you talking about?" said Simba. "I know what you've been up to, Haiba. Making out with Nala when I wasn't looking! I can't believe you sold me out to Shocker just so you could live!"

"You're lying!" Nala yelled. "You were here, and you were smooching with Haiba! Sure, it was sweet at first, but now I'm really mad!"

"Smooching with Simba?" Haiba cried. "I wouldn't do that in a million— Actually, no, if I said that, then I would be lying. Carry on."

"You're a creep!" Nala shouted at Simba.

"You're a... a *girl*! Yeah! What do you think about that?" Simba responded.

"Can you really be that idiotic?" Haiba asked.

"Why you!"

The three cubs all lunged for each other, fighting in a heap on the ground, clawing and slashing at each other murderously. They had only one thing on their minds: killing each other. Simba had his jaw clamped around Haiba's leg. Nala had her claws on Simba's throat. And Haiba was trying to force his paw down Nala's mouth, intending on choking her to death.

"You're dead, Simba!" Nala cried. "I don't understand how you could fall in love with Haiba! I've never seen something so sickeningly hot!"

"I don't know what you're... talking about!" Simba replied, kicking Nala away from him. "Why would I ever kiss Haiba? No offence, but he's not my type!"

"Then how come I saw it happen?" Nala retorted.

"How come I saw you and Nala talking about just using me for a laugh?" Haiba asked.

"And how come I saw you and Nala smooching like there's no tomorrow?" Simba wondered.

The three cubs stood there in silence. It didn't take long for realisation to dawn on them.

"Oh..." they all said, coming to the same conclusion.

"I think I'm beginning to understand what's happened," said Nala.

"I think we've all been tricked," said Simba.

"I actually feel quite stupid now," said Haiba.

"Oh, don't we all from time to time?"

Simba, Nala and Haiba turned to look at Shocker. He looked rather disappointed at himself. This came as a surprise to the three cubs. They thought he would be jumping up and down in anger knowing that his evil plot had failed.

"I should have known you'd realise that those were just fantastical visions brought on by direct electrical impulses shot straight into your brains," Shocker told them. "The real truth is that I just simply knocked you all out. I wish it were more interesting, but..." he shrugged, "it's the best I could do."

"So you just wanted to turn us against each other?" Nala asked.

Shocker nodded. "That was the idea, Nala. Maybe I should have put a little bit of the realism factor into those fantasies. I'll admit that the last one had a darkly comic effect to it. But now, I'm afraid that the fun has to come to an end. You see, now I have to revert to plan B: kill you."

Thrusting out his forepaws, Shocker sent two arcs of lightning shooting straight towards Simba, Nala and Haiba.

"Look out!" Simba cried, as they jumped to the side, narrowly avoiding being struck by the deadly electrical force of Shocker's powers.

"You're only delaying the inevitable," Shocker informed them. "You see, when faced with an immortal individual, you can't really stop me. I'm going to kill you. No matter what you do. No matter how hard you try. I'll just keep coming back. And I won't ever stop. Not until you're wiped off the face of the earth."

"He's got a very disturbing point," said Haiba. "Uh, tell me: how do you stop someone who's immortal?"

"That's the point, stupid," said Shocker. "You can't. But..."

He grabbed Nala by the throat, pulling her close so they were almost nose-to-nose. "Do you want to know a secret?" he asked.

Nala said nothing. Just stared into his lifeless eyes.

Shocker leaned in close, nuzzling Nala's cheek and whispering softly into her ear. "*I want to die...*"

Nala shuddered. Shocker seemed to have such a cold effect on her that it was terrifying.

"This isn't a gift," he told her. "It's a curse. I want to die myself. I can't carry on living like this, watching as everything else dies around me. That's not fair. So, in spite of the way this... *dismal* day has gone, I think I'll go to plan C: wait until next time before I kill you. There are a few things I need to take care of first."

He threw Nala roughly to the ground, and then vanished in a bright flash of lightning. The ground where he had once stood was smoking.

Haiba took a few steps forward, staring down at the smoking grass. "I don't believe it," he said. "He let us go."

"He didn't let us go," Simba said. "He'll be back."

"But I don't understand," said Haiba. "He said he was going to kill us. Why would he leave?"

"Like he said," Nala responded quietly. "He needed to sort out a few things first." She turned around. "He wanted to die."

"What?" Simba asked.

"Shocker," said Nala. "He wanted to die. That's what he whispered in my ear. He wanted to die."

"Must be pretty tough on someone who's immortal," Haiba commented. "Maybe it serves the little creep right. I hope he falls into a pit of flames and ends up burning for all of eternity."

"It'd be the only way to stop him," Simba said. "If he can't die, then you've got to make sure that he's *dying* for a very long time."

Nala narrowed her eyes. "But where do you think he went?"

Lying in his vine hammock once more, Shocker reflected on what his next move would be. He wanted to kill those three cubs. Wanted to kill them more than anything. But in the end, when it had come down to just murdering them quickly... he hesitated.

Something still wasn't right. They hadn't suffered enough. He'd tried. Tried to make them kill each other. But it wasn't enough. Through and throughout, the three cubs had still proved to be most defiant.

And Shocker knew that he would return. One day, he would spill the blood of Simba, Nala and Haiba all over the ground. Once he had figured out what he had to do to end his own life. Once he knew how to kill himself, he could then kill those who deserved to die.

But for Shocker, unfortunately, it didn't seem like that would be anytime soon.

The End

AN: Shocker lives! *Again!* Oh, well. There's still unfinished business to this troubled cub. Shocker shall return later on. But the next story coming up is a turning point for the series. I won't spoil it for you. You know me – always keeping secrets.

NEXT TIME: An old tale of vampires from long ago is told by Sarafina, and this piques Nala's interest. She decides to investigate the mysterious Family of Blood, but finds out that curiosity often kills the cat...